

*The Historie of*

No, yet time serues, wherein you may redeeme  
Your banisht honors, and restore your selues,  
Into the good thoughts of the world againe:  
Reueng the icering and disdain'd contempt  
Of this proud King, who studies day and night  
To answere all the debt he owes you,  
Euen with the bloudie payment of your deaths:  
Therefore I say.

*Wor.* Peace Coosin, say no more.  
And now I will vnclasp a secret booke,  
And to your quicke conceiuing discontents  
Ile read your matter deepe and dangerous,  
As full of perill and aduenterous spirit,  
As to o're walke a Current roring lowd,  
On the vnsteadfast footing of a speare.

*Hot.* If he fall in, good night, or sinke or swimde,  
Send danger from the East vnto the west,  
So honor crosse it, from the North to South,  
And let them grapple: the bloud more stirres  
To rowse a Lion then to start a Hare.

*North.* Imagination of some great exploit  
Driues him beyond the boundes of patience,

*Hot.* By heauen me thinks it weare an easie leape,  
To pluck bright honor from the pale-fac'd Moone  
Or diue into the bottome of the deepe,  
Where fadome-line could neuer touch the ground,  
And pluck vp drowned honor by the lockes,  
So hee that doth redeeme her thence might weare  
Without corriuall all her dignities:  
But out vpon this halfe fac'd fellowship.

*Wor.* He apprehendes a world of figures here,  
But not the forme of what he should attend,  
Good Coosin giue me audience for a while.

*Hot.* I cry you mercy.

*Wor.* Those same noble Scots that are your prisoners.

*Hot.* Ile keepe them all.

By God he shall not haue a Scot of them.

No, if a Scot would saue his soule, he shall not.

*Henry the fourth.*

Ile keepe them, by this hand.

*Wor.* You start away,  
And lend no eare vnto my purposes:  
Those Prisoners you shall keepe.

*Hot.* Nay, I will; that's flat:  
He said he would not ransom *Mortimer*,  
Forbade my tongue to speake of *Mortimer*,  
But I will finde him when he lies a sleepe,  
And in his eare Ile hallow, *Mortimer*:

Nay, Ile haue a Starling shall be taught to speake  
Nothing but *Mortimer*, and giue it him,  
To keepe his anger still in motion.

*Wor.* Heare you Coosin, a word.

*Hot.* All studies heere I solemnly desie,  
Saue how to gall and pinch this *Bullingbrooke*,  
And that same Sword and Buckler *Prince of Wales*,  
But that I thinke his Father loues him not,  
And would be glad he met with some mischance:  
I would haue him poysoned with a pot of Ale.

*Wor.* Farewell Kinsman, Ile talke to you  
When you are better tempered to attend.

*Nor.* Why what a Waspe-tongue and impatient foole  
Art thou, to breake into this womans moode,  
Tying thine eare to no tongue but thine owne?

*Hot.* Why looke you, I am whipt and scourg'd with Rods,  
Netled, and stung with Pismires, when I heare  
Of this vile Polititian *Bullingbrooke*.

In *Richards* time, what doe you call the place,  
A Plague vpon it, it is in *Glocestershire*,

Twas where the mad-cap Duke his vnckle kept,  
His vnckle *Yorke*, where I first bowed my knee  
Vnto this King of Smiles, this *Bullingbrooke*:

Zbloud, when you and he came backe from *Ranenspurgh*,

*Nor.* At *Barkly Castle*.

*Hot.* You say true,  
Why what a candie deale of curtesie,  
This fawning Grey-hound then did proffer me,

Looke when his infant Fortune came to age,  
And gentle *Harry Percy*, and kind Coosin:

C.

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